Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

Exet Cardinall.

VVar. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?
Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.
VVar. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.
Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
VVar. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.
VVar. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exet Warwicke and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolk*. And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVarwicke*, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.

Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.
Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of *Salsbury*.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exet Salisbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.
King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exet King and *VVarwicke*, *Manet* Queene and *Suffolke*.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,